

3rd.

A

PANEGYRICK

ON THEIR

Royal Highnesses,

And Congratulating His

RETURN

FROM

SCOTLAND.



London,

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A
PANEGLYICK
ON THEIR
Royal Highnesses.

When the Most High Eternal Son of God
Through fam'd Judea in Procession rode,
The Loyal Publican, with zealous hast,
Climb'd up a Tree to view him as he past,
And with a look that did his Joy relate
The Mighty Saviour did congratulate :
So 'mongst the Crowds that with Impatience strove
To express their Fealty and faithful Love,
I and my throbbing heart with equal flames
Panted and prest to greet the Godlike JAMES.
Welcome then, Mighty SIR ; welcome as Peace
To conquer'd Nations, or to sick Men, Ease ;
Welcome, as what you bring us, Loyalty,
A fruit which in our Isle we rarely see ;
In th' barren North it blooms, to Storms expos'd,
But in our Sunny Climate never grows :
Here fertile Nature makes the Commons Kings,
And from her fatness rank Rebellion springs :
Damn'd lust of English-men, that ne're repented
Their Treasons, nor with Blessings were contented.

Black was the Day, and blasted was the Year,
 When the curst Factious, full of wretched fear,
 Sought the true Heir of England to exclude,
 Only because He was too great, and good,
 Two Epithetes that never yet could suit
 The sordid Mind of your true English Brute:
 Loud Tempests roar'd, as if design'd to cross
 The Royal Mandate, and not let Him pass,
 Whilst weeping Showers seem'd to mourn our loss:
 And as each Element then bore a part
 In grief, even so did every Honest Heart.
 But now the happy hours are doubly bless'd,
 The Land with the full Store of Heaven possess'd,
 The Season smiles, and each propitious Ray
 For His Return their secret Joy display;
 The flowers that did in private Closets keep,
 And during th' Winter of His Absence sleep,
 Bloom out, and a gay fragrant Robe put on,
 To bless and welcome in the RISING SUN;
 Latamur* is the Word, a word which late
 As mighty Hopes, did mighty Joy create,
 When the fam'd *Motto* with applause was put
 To the Effigie of the *Grand Patriot*,
 Nearest their hearts, where late their *Georges* hung,
 The pale-fac't Medall with its Silver tongue
 Was plac't, whilst every Wearer still exprest
 His Joy to harbour there so fam'd a Guest.
 The Wretch that stamp't it got immortal fame,
 'Twas coyn'd by stealth, like Groats at Brumicham;

Whilst

* The Motto
of the Medal.

A Panegyrick on their Royal Highnesses.

3

Whilst each Posseſſor with exalted voice
Cryes, *England's ſav'd, and now Let us Rejoyce.*
But though Seditious Tenets they pursue,
We have a Cause of Joy ſolid and true,
And therefore let us cry *Latamur* too. }
For Mighty *TORK'S* return'd, return'd to Raign
O're hearts, and move in His Great Sphere again:
'Tis in His Face you ſee the *RISING SUN*,
T'other's a *Comet* blazing o're the Town,
Portending Mifchiefs ſeeming to explain
The *former* Tragick Scene design'd *again*.
Fly then ye Loyal Natives, fly with zeal,
Embrace His Knees, and your true Joy reveal,
Prove your affection to your Injur'd Prince,
Give him your Hearts, for you had his long ſince:
Give Him your Hearts, oppose the Rebel Power,
And never part with your Lov'd *HEROE* more.

And hail Bright *PRINCESS*, beſt of thy fair Kind,
An Angel's Body with an Angel's Mind,
Beauteous as are the Virgin Saints above,
That ſit and ſmile on the right hand of *Jove*,
And good, as the first ſtate Heav'n form'd 'em in,
E're that Angelick Sex knew how to ſin;
How when She comes ſhall we our crimes attone?
How shall we meet the Justice of Her Frown,
That doing no offence was forc't away
With Her dear Lord, a cruel Fate t' obey,
And Sacrifice Her Joy, Her Peace and Fame,
To a curſt Branded thing without a Name?

B

Down

Down her fair face the liquid Treasures rowld,
Then taking on her ROYAL PARTNER hold,
England farewell, She cry'd, thou hatedst me,
And may I never see thy baseness more!

But she comes back, and nobly may despise
The Pigmy Malice of her Enemies ;
Disdain and Anger in Her forehead sit,
Yet both so calm'd and temper'd by Her Wit,
That with a modest smile She strives t' oppose
Revenge, and onely pities all her foes.

Return then and forgive, and may Your Name
Charm the wide Globe, as does your HEROES Fame :
Long may ye love, and still may ye appear
Teeming as to our Joy you prove this Year.

Your Pregnant Veins are framing wondrous things,
Oh glorious Passion that creates young Kings !
The Illustrious Infant struggles in the Womb,
As if he knew his Royal fate to come,
And silently mourns, that so long a space
Twill be, e're he begins his Glorious Race :
But when as the Divinest Gift of Heaven,
The Princely Babe is for our Comfort given,
May every heart conspire with every tongue
To implore his years may be renown'd and long,
That he may merit his brave Fathers Name
And Rival Virtue with his Mothers Fame !

Methinks I see our great AUGUSTUS stand,
With the fair PRINCESS smiling in His Hand,
High Grandeur mixt with Joy adorns His Face,
Whilst blushing Duty Hers does sweetly grace :

Their

Their Eyes are fixt and mingling Glories seem ,
Like the Sun's Rayes Reflecting on a Jem :
His Awfull Light then on His BROTHER shines,
Who with a silent Modesty inclines
To hear his welcome, and with humble grace
Fixing His Eyes upon His Monarch's Face,
His willing Knees with Loyal duty bend
To His dear King, His Brother, and His Friend,
Who in His Arms do's the Lov'd Favourite hold,
And speaks a gracious welcome from His soul.
Thrice happy *Scotland*, well didst thou begin
To make attonement for thy former sin,
When thou with Joy a Virtue didst Embrace :
By brooding Factions driven from this place,
Well was the much-wrong'd Prince receiv'd by thee,
And well hast thou reform'd thy Loyalty :
Yet to His Goodness thou thy Fame do'st owe,
For thou hadst faithless bin had he been so :
But as the *Thracian* Bard; with charming strains,
Drew the Wild Savages from Woods and Plains,
Controll'd their Brutish Rage where e're he came,
And made the fiercest Bears and Tigers tame ;
So Mighty Prince Thy Virtue did oppose
The close designs and Malice of thy Foes,
And made a Nation, fam'd for Treachery,
Bow to thy Loyal Principles and Thee,
Whilst *England*'s left with its King-killing Race,
A Nest of Rebels, as it ever was.